BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL

CONDUCTED BY
UNA H. H. COOL

"Comfort Found in Good Old Books"

By George Hamlin Fitch. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. Price $1.50 net; by mail $1.58 net.

ON the word of one of the most thorough bookmen of the day, there is hope for that man whose academic education was neglected in his youth. That in itself is a message of cheer to countless thousands of men and women who approach middle life despairing of any real culture because in youth the question of bread left scant time for the pursuit of knowledge. It is equally cheerful news to the poorly taught and the drone who has aroused at last. "Culture can be built on the bare rudiments of education, at which pedagogues and pedants will sneer," says George Hamlin Fitch in his "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," which is just from the press of Paul Elder & Co.

Though of the utmost importance and interest to "that great American public which yearns for knowledge and culture, but does not know how to set about acquiring it," Mr. Fitch's essays were inspired primarily by the wants of those who, like himself, needed a potent meed in their hour of sorrow. He found that solace in books, and to others afflicted like as he, he offers his key to the inestimable treasury.

Of the hard working, capable men who review the books of the day in the Sunday newspapers—who must search through that whole flood from the oiled book presses for that about which their readers should know—none has wider or higher fame than George Hamlin Fitch. What he writes of this new volume or that goes far in determining its appraisal by critical minds. For more than 30 years Mr. Fitch has served the Chronicle as literary editor. As a mark of the critic's distinction, it may be said that his praise of a book is seized upon by the publisher to advertise that book in New York. To his friends George Hamlin Fitch has long been a marvel in duality, they could not understand how the man who led a life of intense activity during long night hours in the telegraph room of a newspaper, his sensitive fingers held close upon the fluctuating pulse of the world, could be that same man who knew books as few men may ever know them because he spent not less than six hours of concentration in his library every day. One thing his friends might understand—all who read his book will understand—and that is that the author of "Comfort Found in Good Old Books" is marvelously human.

The first chapter is a tribute to the boy who died, an only son, a splendid young man, loved alike in the college and newspaper world. The whole relation between father and son, by virtue of circumstances that fostered a natural attraction, was "the relation of elder brother and younger brother." The first chapter is such a tribute as such a loss might inspire from such a man.

"I urge upon you who are now wrapped warm in domestic life and love," says the author in telling how he contrived somewhat to assuage his own grief, "to provide against the time when you may be cut off in a day from the companionship that makes life precious. Take heed and guard against the hour that finds you forlorn and unprotected against death's malignant hand. Cultivate the great worthies of literature, even if this mean neglect of the latest magazine or of the newest sensational romance. Be content to confess ignorance of the ephemeral books that will be forgotten in a single half year, so that you may spend your leisure hours in genial converse with the great writers of all time. Doctor Eliot of Harvard recently aroused much discussion over his 'five feet of books.' Personally I would willingly dispense with two-thirds of the books he regards as indispensable. But the vital thing is that you have your own favorites—books that are real and genuine, each one brimful of the inspiration of a great soul. Keep these books on a shelf convenient for use and read them again and again until you have saturated your mind with their wisdom and their beauty. So may you come into the true kingdom of culture, whose gates never swing open to the pedant or the bigot. So may you be armed against the worst blows that fate may deal you in this world."

The author is specific in his prescription for the sorrowing. "No literary skill," he says, "can bind up the broken hearted; no beauty of phrase satisfy the soul that is torn by grief. No, when our house is in mourning we turn to the bible first—that fount of wisdom and comfort which never fails him who comes to it with clean hands and a contrite heart. It is the medicine of life. And after it come the great books written by those who have walked through the valley of the shadow, yet have come out sweet and wholesome, with words of wisdom and counsel for the afflicted. One book through which beats the great heart of a man who has suffered yet grew strong under the lash of fate is worth more than a thousand books that teach no real lesson of life, that are as broken cisterns holding no water, when the soul is athirst and cries out for refreshment."

A general idea of the contents of the book may be gleaned from the titles of the 15 chapters, which are as follows:

"Comfort in Good Old Books"; "The Greatest Book in the World—the Bible"; "Shakespeare Stands Next to the Bible"; "How to Read the Ancient Classics"; "The Arabian Nights and Other Classics"; "The Confessions of St. Augustine"; "Don Quixote, One of the World's Great Books"; "The Imitation of Christ;" "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam"; "The Divine Comedy by Dante"; "How to Get the Best Out of Books"; "Milton's 'Paradise Lost and Other Poems"; "Pilgrim's Progress, the Finest of All Allegories"; "Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels"; "Old Doctor Johnson and His Boswell."

The essays are animated by an enthusiasm that rivets the reader's interest. They are not critical in the sense that one might anticipate from a literary critic; instead, they are informing and help the reader to understand the great book under discussion. The author's valuation is always apparent, and his standards the reader is able to sieze upon intelligently as his own. Mr. Fitch lends to his reader his own perception in a manner so simple yet so subtle that the reader may in another hour peruse the book discussed and come so naturally at its beauties and its treasures as to feel he must have found them for himself. If he never reads the original at all, he still has profited immeasurably.

The author explains in advance that he discusses the books from De Quincy's standpoint of the literature of power as distinguished from the literature of knowledge. By the "literature of power" De Quincy meant "books filled with that emotional quality which lifts the reader of this prosaic world into that spiritual life whose dwellers are forever young."

The author goes somewhat into the general subject of daily reading, pointing out the importance of spending one's leisure, even though it amount to but 15 minutes a day, with the best authors. He shows how one may learn to read with great rapidity; how, at length, any good book may be read thoroughly in four hours. Concentration while reading enables one to read swiftly and yet to retain that which is read. He holds that one derives the most joy in reading a book at top speed.

"Comfort Found in Good Old Books" is beautifully printed from hand set type and is illustrated with 32 mounted pictures, many from rare prints. These illustrations are reproduced by a new stipple process that gives them the appearance of fine old steel engravings. There is a full bibliography of all the authors, giving the history of the various editions and other facts, and an index that is descriptive and very helpful to any reader. The book is bound in flexible linen of convenient size to be slipped into the pocket.

In every sense this volume of essays is a great book. It will never be absent from the bookshelves of countless lovers of good books except when it is in their hands and under their eyes. It will carry balm to more broken and wounded hearts than its author ever can know. It will warm the hearts of men and women, almost without number, perhaps, who had thought never to achieve that culture to which it points the unmistakable way. It is a great book, and, like so many great books, it grew out of a great and all but overwhelming sorrow. RUFUS STEELE.

GENTLE PHOTO

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH
AUTHOR OF "COMFORT FOUND IN OLD BOOKS"

"A Big Horse to Ride"

By E. B. Dewing. Published by The Macmillan company, New York. Price $1.50.

Even in her early girlhood Rose Carson, the central figure of E. B. Dewing's new novel, "A Big Horse to Ride," had the theatrical instinct. When she obtained her father's permission to study stage dancing with the definite purpose of ultimately going upon the stage, and was in consequence obliged to leave the fashionable boarding school where she had been in attendance, she did not slip out from the ranks of her schoolmates quietly, attracting as little attention as possible, but boldly declared she was leaving because she was going to be a dancer, and invited her envious friends to attend a private rehearsal that afternoon. All through her life this same characteristic is exhibited—the characteristic which enables her to turn the tables and make her position seem the desirable one. This ingenuity, this quality of being very much alive, is one of the chief charms of the story which shows a little different phase to the reader of the ever interesting life on the other side of the footlights.

Unlike the heroine of the author's earlier book, "Other People's Houses," who had metaphorically no house of her own but was forced through nature and circumstance to live in those of other people, Rose Carson has a house which is not only her own but is too crowded for her own use. She is even regretting that there has been much which she has of necessity missed just because her opportunities in certain ways have come together. "I am destined," she says, "to have knocking at my door more than any house will hold."

Emily Steadman, the heroine of "Other People's Houses," was primarily an invalid, and she came at life from that angle. Rose Carson is primarily a dancer with the perfect physique necessitated by her profession. She has tremendous energies and strength, which she uses in the service of her life and her art. She has too much—too much of everything. It is her task to tame herself to the measures in more common use; the other woman had too little, and the difference between these two women is characteristic of the difference between the two books.

But "A Big Horse to Ride" is a love story, in which the love of a good and strong man, as contrasted with the affection of a weaker character, ultimately conquers. In other words, the novel sounds the message of the twentieth century, that at bottom and despite the failures and mistakes the heart of mankind is sound.

Notes and Gossip of Books and Their Writers

John O. Knott offers a most readable volume of essays, entitled "Seekers After Soul." The chapters or essays were not prepared with any idea of a book but for various purposes; one of them to be read at Washington and Lee university a few years ago for the degree of doctor of philosophy. In collecting the papers the author found that, "while stressing the salient doctrines of some of the men who had, in his estimation influenced most the thought of the world, he had in every case selected a champion of soul as against matter." He has chosen Job, Plato, Kant, Hegel and Browning to exploit and adds a chapter beside on "Persistence of Ideas, The Spirit in the Trend of Thought." The chapters are well written and will appeal to many. (Sherman, French & Co., Boston; $1.20.)

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Delo Corydon Grover, dean of Scio college, has written a volume entitled "The Volition Element in Knowledge and Belief; and other essays in philosophy and religion." The fine introduction written by Francis J. McConnell D. D., president of De Pauw university, explains the purpose of the book. He says the volume is in general "in line with the philosophic principles of the late Dr. Borden P. Bowne." Bowne possessed the power of making his followers think on their own account, and he used to feel that his philosophy had significance for all departments of Christian thinking and practice. The book is well written, but is decidedly heavy reading and is designed for the special benefit of ministers. The essay which gives the book its title is by far the most serious and important and will rouse interesting discussion among thinkers. (Sherman, French & Co., Boston; $1.20.)

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"The Continents and Their People" is the general title of a series of books, the first number of which is "North America." It is a supplementary geography and is designed by the authors, James Franklin Chamberlain and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, to be a sort of combination history and geography and to supplement and enrich the textbooks on the subject. The work has been thoroughly done and is written in an entertaining manner and contains numerous illustrations which add greatly to the value of the work. (The Macmillan company, New York; 55 cents.)

* * *

"If I return today to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's 'The World of Life,'" says William Archer, "it is because I can not resist the temptation of extracting from a work of science an admirable page of literature. It occurs in the chapter entitled 'Proofs of an Organizing Mind,' in which Doctor Wallace argues against those thinkers who hold that everything can be 'explained in terms of matter and motion.' In order to illustrate the position of his adversaries, as he views it, Doctor Wallace has invented what he calls 'A Physiological Allegory' of extraordinary neatness and ingenuity. It would, I think, have delighted Voltaire and Swift."

"Three Plays"

By Brieux. Preface by Bernard Shaw. Published by Brentano's, New York. Price $1.50.

Bernard Shaw calls Brieux the French Ibsen, which prepares the reader for realism and plain speaking. This volume of plays is the first work of this Frenchman's to be translated into English, and if the squeamish feelings of the American public are to be considered this sample of his work will be all we are likely to have for quite a while. Not that the work is to be condemned in any way; we find ourselves quite won over by Shaw's preface to looking at the questions which are discussed without flinching, but all of the great reading public will not agree on this point and some old fashioned and very modest people may even agitate suppressing the book.

The three plays are "Maternity," translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw; "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," translated by St. John Hankin, and "Damaged Goods," translated by John Pollock. There is also a new version of "Maternity," translated by John Pollock.

Bernard Shaw has done some of the finest and most serious work of his life in the preface of this book. He reviews dramatists and dramatic literature from Moliere to Brieux, with much mention of Zola and Ibsen, the two great realists of that period. He shows the slow steps of progress in this art and of the passing of the tragic catastrophe and the happy ending. He says:

"Not only is the tradition of the catastrophe unsuitable to modern studies of life; the tradition of an ending, happy or the reverse, is equally unworkable. The moment the dramatist gives up accidents and catastrophes, and takes 'slices of life' as his material he finds himself committed to plays that have no endings. The curtain no longer comes down on a hero slain or married; it comes down when the audience has seen enough of the life presented to it to draw the moral. * * * The man who faced France with a drama fulfilling all these conditions was Brieux. He was as scientific, as conscientious, as unflinching as Zola without being in the least morbid. He was no more dependent on horrors than Moliere and as sane in his temper. * * *"

Shaw has some interesting remarks to make about the censorship in France and England which make that pompous office rather laughable, the things taboo in England are not noticed in France and vice versa.

The government in France has become agitated during the last decade because the population has decreased, and this subject is made the basis for the first of these plays, "Maternity." The scorn which Brieux feels for the "respectable" married man who shuns the responsibilities of parenthood is shown in the second of these plays, "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." The evils of the marriage system in France are shown in a manner to leave no reader in doubt as to the author's meaning.

The last play is, Shaw says, the most unmentionable of all subjects. Though this play, "Damaged Goods," discusses certain diseases which we have been taught are not to be mentioned, Shaw assures us it is false modesty. More than that, he says they should not only be discussed, but should be mentioned on the stage, as there they reach a larger proportion of the public than by any other means. It is a question which will raise much revolt, to be sure, but in the meantime the play is here to read at least, in English, and its horrors will make an impression. The plays are all well written and the work of translation has been most faithfully accomplished. The first two have been performed in England, but the third has not yet seen the glare of the footlights.

Two Books About Talk

"Speech Making," by Edwin Gordon Lawrence, is a book of 300 pages of explicit instruction for the building and delivery of speeches. It helps you to arrange and express your thoughts consecutively and logically and teaches you how to influence the minds of others. It informs you how to gather the materials for the making of a speech, tells how to construct your framework, how to lay hold of your subject and move on to success as a speaker. It is written by a teacher and every speaker can learn something from it. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; $1.25.)

"The Business of Congress," by Samuel W. McCall, M. C. from Massachusetts, is a volume made up of eight lectures delivered at Columbia university in 1908-1909. The author has accomplished his purpose admirably, which is, he says, "to portray the important processes of legislation, avoiding, however, the technicality essential in a parliamentary manual; to present the reasons underlying them and to give a study in government with congress as the central theme." The 11 chapters form a very interesting book written in a clear and terse style. (Columbia University Press, Lemcke & Buechner, N. Y., $1.50.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Price," Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Four volumes of Appleton's Scientific Primers. Reynolds Green, New York.

Four volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson, Sydney Colvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Baedecker's London and Its Environs," Karl Baedecker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Who Follow the Flag," Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Good Old Days," Charles Wheeler Bell. A. C. McClurg company, Chicago.

"Thorpe's Way," Morley Roberts. The Century company, New York.

"Uncle Polperro," Alphonse Courland. Brentano's, New York.

"The Blossomy Bough," Shaemas O'Sheel. Shaemas O'Sheel, New York.

"The Purchase Price," Emerson Hough. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

"Perpetua," Dion Clayton Calthrop. John Lane company, New York.

"The Doctrine of Evolution," Henry Edward Crampton. The Columbia University press, New York.

"The Big League," Charles E. Van Loan. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Eliot's "Silas Marner," "Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "Farewell Address and Bunker Hill Oration," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Carlyle's "Essay on Burns." American book company, New York.

"The Cross of Honor," Mary Openshaw. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Garden of the Sun," Captain T. J. Powers. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"What Happened at Oleuburg," Clifford Howard. The Reilly & Britton company, Chicago.

"The Daring Twins," L. Frank Baum. The Reilly & Britton company, Chicago.

"The Mountain That Was God," John H. Williams. G. P. Putnam, New York.

"The Rose Door," Estelle Baker. Charles H. Kerr company, Chicago.

"How Capitalism Has Hypnotized Society," W. Thurston Brown. Charles H. Kerr company, Chicago.

"The Social Evil," J. H. Greer. Charles H. Kerr company, Chicago.

"When the Red Gods Call," Beatrice Grimshaw. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"Philistine and Genius," Boris Sidis. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"The University Militant," Charles Ferguson. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

"Anatol," Arthur Schnitzler. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

"A History of the United States," McLaughlin and Van Tyne. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"*Comfort Found in Good Old Books*," by George Hamlin Fitch.
"*A Big Horse to Ride*," by E. B. Dewing.
"*The Consul*," by Richard Harding Davis.
"*The Man Without a Face*," by Albert Boissiere.
"*Three Plays*," by Brieux.
"*The Cruise of the Snark*," by Jack London.

"The Cruise of the Snark"

By Jack London. Published by The Macmillan company, New York. Price $2.

One of the most adventurous voyages ever planned was that of Jack London's famous Snark, the little craft in which he and Mrs. London set forth to sail around the world. Misfortunes overtook the Snark and it lies a wreck in the south seas, but before its voyage was ended it encountered adventures enough to place its name on the roll of famous ships. Mr. London has told the story of it in a fashion to bring out the excitement of the cruise, its fun and exhilaration, as well as its moments and days of breathless danger.

There are some interesting descriptions of south sea ports and one which clamors for quotation follows:

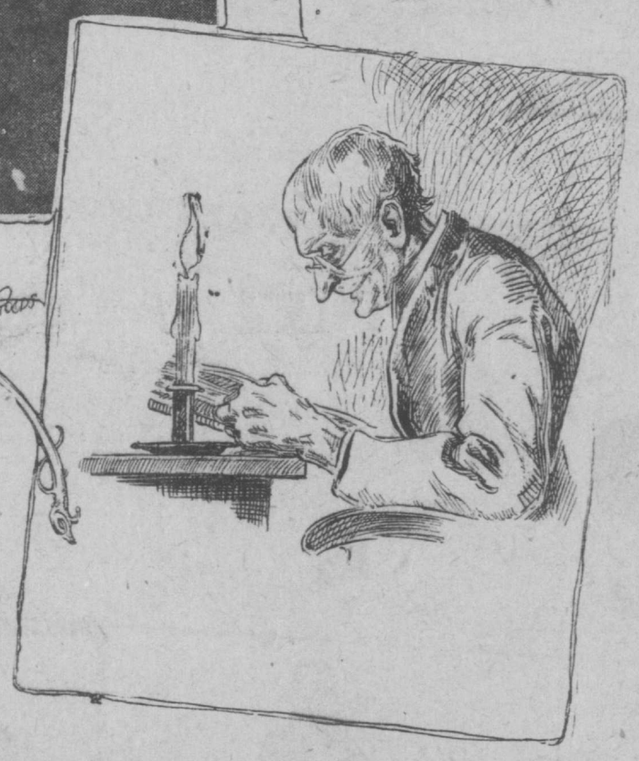
"When the Snark sailed along the windward coast of Molokai, on its way to Honolulu, I looked at the chart, then pointed to a low lying peninsula backed by a tremendous cliff varying from two to four thousand feet in height, and said: 'The pit of hell, the most cursed place on earth.' I should have been shocked if at that moment I could have caught a vision of myself a month later ashore in the most cursed place on earth and having a disgracefully good time along with 800 of the lepers, who were also having a good time." The author goes on to tell of the gay good times, particularly the fourth of July celebration, and then says: " * * the horrors of Molokai, as they have been painted in the past, do not exist * * * . Of course, leprosy is leprosy and it is a terrible thing; but so much that is lurid has been written about Molokai that neither the lepers nor those who devote their lives to them have received a fair deal." The author and his party mingled with the lepers, and he speaks of the little danger of contagion providing simple precautions of cleanliness are followed.

The whole chapter is of the greatest interest, showing, too, that Mr. London thoroughly investigated conditions on this leper island.

Perhaps the most remarkable fish story yet is one narrated by Jack London in "Stone Fishing of Bora Bora." Describing this curious custom, Mr. London says:

"Stone fishing is in reality a fish drive similar in principle to a rabbit drive or cattle drive. * * *. It does not matter if the water is a hundred feet deep, the men working on the surface drive the fish just the same. This is the way it is done: The canoes form in line 100 to 200 feet apart. In the bow of each canoe a man wields a stone several pounds in weight, which is attached to a short rope. He smites the water with the stone, pulls up the stone and goes on smiting. In the stern of each canoe another man paddles, driving the canoe ahead and at the same time keeping in the formation. The line of canoes advances to meet a second line a mile or two away, the ends of the lines hurrying together to form a circle, the far edge of which is the shore. The circle contracts upon the shore, where the women, standing in a long row out into the sea, form a fence of legs which serves to break any rushes of the frantic fish. At the right moment when the circle is sufficiently small a canoe dashes from the shore, dropping overboard a long screen of cocoanut leaves, and encircling the circle, thus reinforcing the palisade of legs. The fishing is always done inside the reef in the lagoon." Mr. London adds that while the nature of the fishing is more that of an outing festival than of a prosaic food getting task, it is nevertheless a most successful method, thousands of fish of all sizes from minnows to sharks boiling up and upon the sand of the beach.

The illustrations, one of which is on almost every page, are from photographs taken by the author or by members of the small crew.



"The Man Without a Face"

By Albert Boissiere. Translated by Florence Creeve-Jones. Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. Price $1.25.

Here's a book that would fool almost any one, "The Man Without a Face," grewsome, thrilling, horrible, translated from the French, better still; visions of the cleverly grewsome and horrible arise; the book must be worth while to have warranted the trouble of translation. A glance at the chapter headings causes pleasant anticipations of mysteries piling one upon another to reach unexpected solutions at the end. Take these for example: "A Crime," "The Murder of Lucy Well," "The Man in Cell 13," "What They Mean by Changing Shoulders," "2B. 2R. 2S. D." Add a well bound book, well printed on good paper, and one is justified in expecting an hour of pleasant shudders.

But that is as far as you get; the only shudder that materializes is at the thought of daring to publish anything so monstrously stupid at this late date. A story written in the style of the author of "Nick Carter" or some other "dime novel" of our youthful days, only a little less consistent (!), with a multiplication of senseless situations which lead to nothing and motiveless mysteries which the author forgets to explain, with other mysteries which are lamely worked out to flat and unprofitable endings, is translated into English uniformly bad and often ungrammatical.

The responsible parties, of course, know all this, and the volume is doubtless made like the razors in the poem, not to be used, but to be sold, and that only to the greenest and most unsophisticated.

"The Consul"

By Richard Harding Davis. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Richard Harding Davis has come back to his own again with a pretty little story of an old fashioned patriot, who, in his 30 years of consular service, has outlived the honest times from which his first appointment dated and finds himself old and forgotten as consul in a fever stricken seaport of Central America. Without friends in his home country, which his duties have kept him from visiting for a quarter of a century, he has been shifted from place to place, always to a less important port than the last, and only the fact of his having been originally appointed by Abraham Lincoln has saved him from being dropped altogether to make room for some worthless son of a wealthy friend of some influential politician.

Chance throws on his dreary little town the great Senator Hanley and a party of traveling companions, who, during an enforced stay of a week, are charmed by the courtly manners and old fashioned hospitality of Marshall, the consul, who thinks that perhaps at last a good friend at Washington has been made. A British steamer appears, the party is about to depart, and it is only necessary to present a clean bill of health to insure a speedy return to the United States for the stranded pleasure seekers. Unfortunately, the party has visited a neighboring town, which was under quarantine, and the poor consul refuses to affix his official signature to a false document, a thing which the great senator asks calmly, without a thought of being refused. Old Marshall gently declines to be persuaded, however, and things begin to happen.

Hanley finally says if the cable to Washington is working he will have the consul's little tin sign down before sunset, and old Marshall is silent. A few hours later he goes and bids farewell to his guests on the American warship which has entered the harbor. When he is about to step into his boat to be rowed ashore the first of the usual consular salute of seven guns booms out, in spite of his mute protest to his old friend, the American admiral; he stands at salute until the seventh, and then turns, when an eighth gun roars, then a ninth, a tenth and up to the thirteen guns of a minister's salute. The old man turns to his smiling friend with tears in his eyes, and then the truth is told. The cable had worked all right, and its return message had brought from Washington an appointment as minister plenipotentiary to the Hague.

It is a very touching little story, told in the author's very best style.

Brief Reviews of New Books

The preference of many women writers for a male pseudonym is doubtless a survival of the old superstition that to engage in the task of authorship was "unwomanly." The Bronte sisters set the fashion in appearing as Currer, Acton and Ellis Bell, respectively. Their example was followed by George Eliot. But George is a name to which the distressed lady novelist flies as to a city of refuge. We have had George Egerton, George Fleming, George Paston, and a host of others. Then, too, there have been John Oliver Hobbes, Ralph Iron, Frank Hamel and Frank Danby.

On the other hand, Oliver Madox Hueffer shares with the late William Sharp the distinction of a feminine disguise, for he was known to the novel reading public until quite recently as Jane Wardle.

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Some of the reviewers of "The Grain of Dust" have spoken of it as "Mr. Phillips' last novel," and one or two have intimated that he had not finished revising it at the time of his death. As a matter of fact, however, the novel was entirely completed more than a year before its publication. Nor is "The Grain of Dust" by any means the last novel which we are to have from the pen of Phillips. The Appletons have a novel by him in preparation for issue next fall; and three other stories, the manuscripts of which had been written, as were all of Phillips' books, nine times, are to appear within a year or two. All of these forthcoming books had been finished a considerable time before Phillips' death. The last thing upon which he was at work was a novelette, of which he wrote the last words a few hours before he was shot. It is perhaps a unique instance of a literary man dying without leaving any unfinished work.

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Mrs. Russell Codman, author of that popular new novel, "An Ardent American," is a daughter of Dr. James Mason Crafts, formerly president of the Boston institute of technology and a noted chemist. Her husband is Russell Sturgis Codman, a well known Boston philanthropist and a member of the Somerset, Harvard Travelers', Appalachian Mountain, Tennis and Racquet clubs. A sister, Mrs. Gordon Bell, is well known in Lenox and New York social circles.

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An admirer of good pictures sat turning over some of the work of Arthur Rackham, the English illustrator who draws Wagnerian myths or Alice in Wonderland pictures with equal richness and vigor. "What a swing, what a dash they have!" exclaimed the admirer. "Yes, said the man who knew about artists, "and Rackham used to be an insurance agent."

To Remember Miss Alcott

A movement has been started to purchase and maintain as a permanent memorial to Louisa M. Alcott the "Orchard House" in Concord, Mass., where Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women" and many of her other stories.

The house is almost unchanged in its general features, but is now unoccupied and in great need of repairs. Its desolate condition is a pathetic sight to every one who has loved Louisa Alcott's stories and the characters she created. These stories and characters have given many hours of pleasure and had a great and wholesome influence on almost every girl who has lived in the last 40 years, and it is believed that the tens of thousands of readers of "Little Women" the country over will be interested to contribute, even a small amount, toward the preservation of this Alcott home.

The house and sufficient land about it can be bought and put in order for $8,000. If this sum can be raised the house will be repaired and placed in the charge of a permanent organization which will maintain it as an Alcott memorial.

The Concord woman's club appeals to all lovers of Miss Alcott to help by contributions, large or small. Contributions may be sent to Henry F. Smith Jr., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Mass.

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There is said to be a very surprising situation exploited in a book called "The Price," by Gertie de S. Wentworth James, which Mitchell Kennerley will publish within a few days. Mrs. Wentworth is very popular in London as a writer of "smart" novels, and her book is dedicated to Claude Graham-White.

Comfort Found in Good Old Books

By George Hamlin Fitch, Review Editor of the S. F. Chronicle. Illustrated. $1.50 net; by mail $1.58. Send for descriptive circular.

PAUL ELDER & CO.,
Publishers,
239 Grant Ave., San Francisco.